

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1888.

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NUMBER 283.



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New York.

CLARETS

First Instalment of a New Novel by W. D. HOWELLS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER:

Studies of the Great West. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Part IV. Chicago (Second Paper).

London as a Literary Centre. Second Paper: The Novelists. By R. R. BOWKER. 19 Portraits, including the frontispiece, "Dinah Maria Craik."

Barbara Allen's Cruelty. A Ballad. 4 Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY.

Two Countries. A Story Complete. By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART.

Impressions in Burnoose and Saddele. By EDWARD P. SANGUINETTI. Illustrated by the Author.

In Far Lochaer. By WILLIAM BLACK. Part VI.

Surpliced Choirs in New York. By H. E. KREHBIEL. Illustrated.

Annie Kilburn. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Part I.

The Central State (Kansas). Its Physical Features and Resources. By ROBERT HAY, U.S.G.S. Illustrated.

Life with Yon Lambs. A Sonnet. By WORDSWORTH. Illustrated by A. PARSONS.

Sketches of Capri. By MARY E. VANDYNE. Illustrated.

POEMS:

Batyushka. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Twilight. By Mrs. COMYN CARR.

June Cometh. By CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

Editor's Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events

Editor's Drawer. Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Literary Notes. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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**THE JUNE CENTURY**

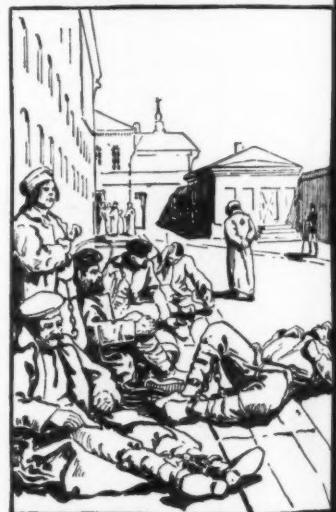
Contains Mr. George Kennan's paper on "The Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia," in which the writer describes his visit to the forwarding prison at Tiumen, where, in accommodations for 800, he found nearly 1800 prisoners. The illustrations are from sketches and photographs by Mr. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his Siberian trip. These articles on

SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM

are attracting the attention of the civilized world. They are being translated into foreign languages and are appearing serially in European and Asiatic newspapers—among others the organ of the Russian Liberals, published at Geneva. The June CENTURY contains the following among its

SPECIAL FEATURES:

A richly illustrated paper, "A Printer's Paradise," by Theodore L. De Vinne, describing the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp; "The Philosophy of Courage," an interesting paper by Gen Horace Porter; "What We Should Eat," a suggestive article by Prof. W. O. Atwater; "Matthew Arnold's Criticism," by John Burroughs; two capital short stories by Grace Denio Litchfield and Brander Matthews; "The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie," by Theodore Roosevelt, illustrated by Remington, etc., etc. In the Lincoln History the reception of the news of the battle of Bull Run by President Lincoln is graphically described by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay.



THE COURT-YARD OF TIUMEN PRISON.
From a Sketch made by an Exile.—In the JUNE CENTURY.

VOLUME XI.
No. 283.

LIFE

MAY 31ST,
1888.



THE UNEXPECTED.

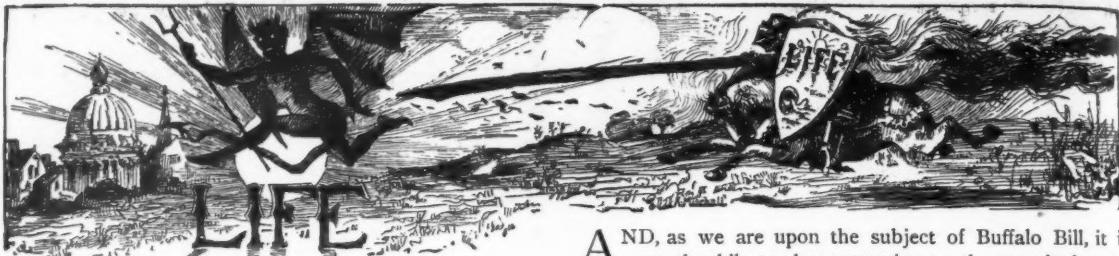
HE was the reigning belle !
Straightway in love I fell ;
Potent became the spell—
Too plain for masking.
Then for a time I wooed—
For her sweet favor sued,
Till I'd my courage screwed
Up to the "asking."

Out of the glare and heat,
Where to the music's beat
Tripped the untiring feet
Of the gay dancer,
Gently I led my fair
Partner, so debonair,
Told her the whole, and there
Waited her answer.

Sweet was the flowers' perfume—
Weird the enshadowing gloom ;
From the gay, lighted room,
Sweet strains came faintly.
Turning, she smiled and blushed,
Murmured surprise, and flushed,
Then, in the silence hushed,
Answered me quaintly.

Doubtless you think she said,
When she had raised her head,
That which all lovers dread :
" She'd be my sister ! "
That's where you've made a guess
Wrong, as you must confess ;
For she said softly : " Yes ! "
Yes ! and I kissed her !

Frank Roe Batchelder.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI.

MAY 31, 1888.

No. 283.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE career of Buffalo William in England ought to teach our Anglo-maniacs a useful lesson. The Wild West Show has done more to stimulate Americanism among the republicans who travel abroad, and to inculcate respect for Americans, as Americans, among foreigners, than has ever been accomplished by our ministers at the European courts. Indeed, it is so universal a custom for our representatives and tourists abroad, and particularly in England, to bow down before foreign customs, ape foreign manners and admire foreign institutions, that it is little wonder that we should be regarded as an inferior people, being so willing, as we most of us are, to admit it. By the basilar principles of Americanism, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, upon which our Constitution is founded, we are a race of sovereigns who profess to hold up our heads before kings and princes as proudly as they. And yet scarcely an American travels abroad but esteems it the highest honor he has yet achieved to be permitted to bow reverently before a fat and gross little man, of third-rate intellect and fourth-rate morals, because that same fat and gross little man is heir apparent to the British throne; and at the same time a barnacle upon the nation, a pauper upon the people, a mere figure-head for an outworn system of government that has already ceased to exist, save in name.

* * *

BUFFALO BILL went to England as a plain showman. He made no pretences, but his reputation as an American, in what the name implies as distinguishing him from a sycophant, or a republican who would like to be a subject, had gone before him. He did not wait upon the Prince of Wales, but that fat and gross little man waited upon him; and, though Buffalo Bill was lionized and made much of by that element of English society that most Americans—alas! that we should be obliged to say it—are proud to grovel before, he abated not one whit from his simple dignity as a man and a republican. If every American followed the example of William F. Cody, the Buffalo Bill of the Western prairies, American influence would mount high in foreign places, and the world would soon realize that the real republican is a nobler order of man than can be bred from a subject people.

AND, as we are upon the subject of Buffalo Bill, it is worth while to draw attention to the scout's funeral oration over his old horse "Charlie," that died at sea on the journey to America. Cooper never put a prettier sentiment into the mouths of any of his picturesque frontiersmen or romantic savages. Said the scout, winding up the oration, just before the body of this faithful steed, that had carried him on many famous rides through the perilous Indian country of the far West, was committed to the deep:

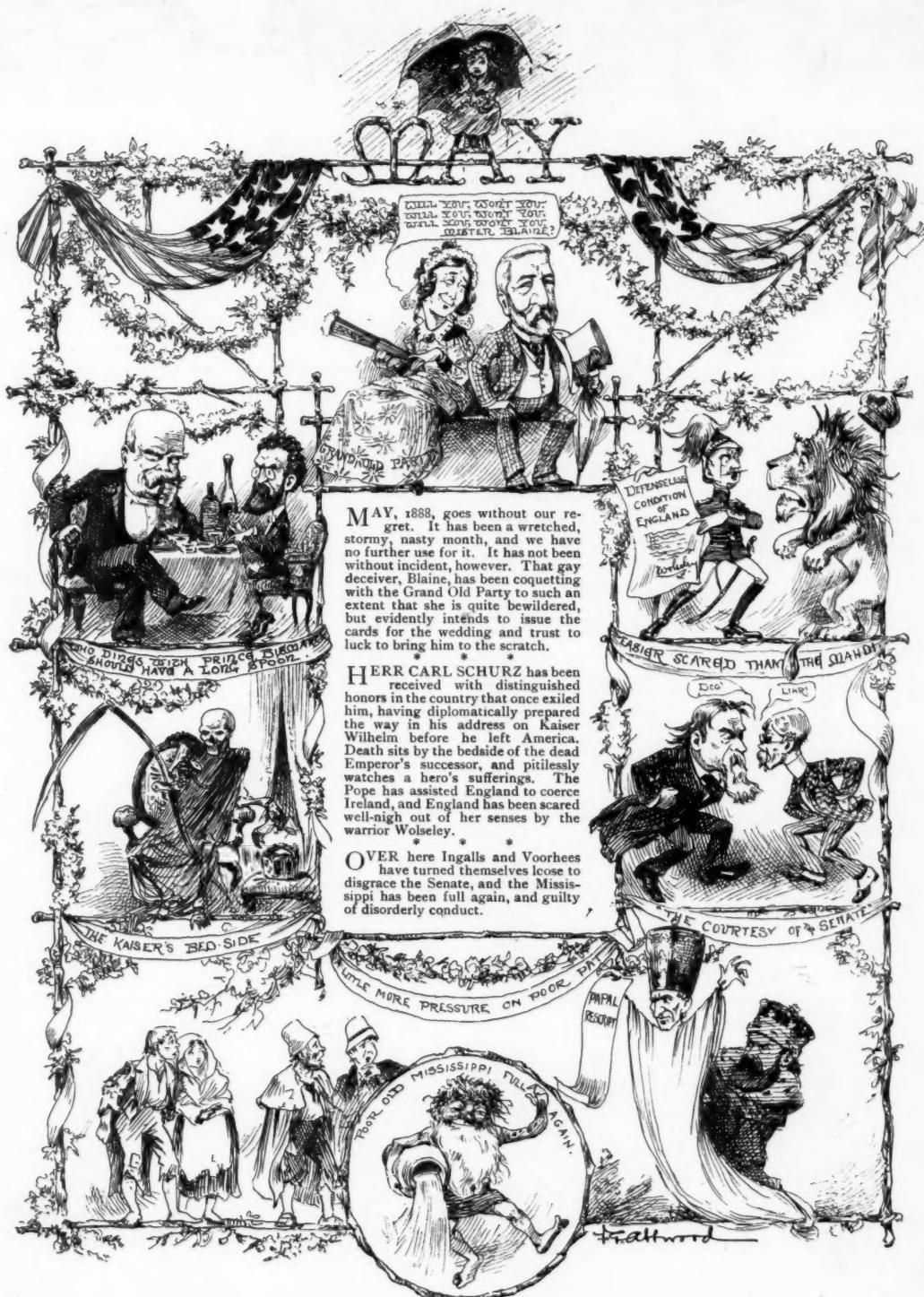
"Charlie, but for your willing speed and tireless courage I would many years ago have lain as low as you are now, and my Indian foe have claimed you for his slave. Yet you have never failed me, Charlie, old fellow! I have had many friends, but very few of whom I could say that. Men tell me you had no soul, but if there be a Heaven, and scouts can enter there, I'll wait at the gate for you, old friend!"

* * *

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is welcome back to his bench in Madison Square Park. He is a crank of the cranks, a pessimist and a kicker; but, on the whole, a salutary influence in his kindness of heart and his hatred of injustice. When Citizen Train has a thing to say he does not say it, but he writes it on a postal-card; and though he more frequently overshoots the mark than hits the bull's-eye, there is likely to be a substratum of sense underneath all the nonsense that he often gets in one of these small missives. But Citizen Train was wrong, very far wrong, when he came to the conclusion that the anarchists who were guilty of the Haymarket Massacre ought to be pardoned; and we infer from the circumstance that he has returned to the United States, which he swore from Canada he had left forever, when the execution of these thugs was assured, that he has repented of his hasty defense of the wretches who were attempting to undermine our institutions.

* * *

PERHAPS America has produced another Patti. A young Vermont girl made her debut in grand opera last week, in Berlin, on the same stage on which Sembrich and Gerster first came before the public, who won the enthusiastic praises of the severe German critics, who rank her far ahead of Van Zandt and Nevada. The director of the opera-house declares that she stands next to Patti in the musical world at present, and that she promises to rival the great diva in a very few years. This promising young American is Marie Howe, of Brattleboro, and a critic describes her as "a girl of remarkable and captivating beauty, endowed with great dramatic ability." She is only nineteen years of age; and, if she carries out the promise of the present, there seems to be a fair opportunity to revive the American Opera Company, with a *bona fide* American prima donna. LIFE wishes all success to the American débutante in any event!





THE American Club has just been organized in London. It will be a safe wager that an American dude will never be found within half a mile of it—if he knows where it is. Stamp one's self an American in Lunnon? Fawnc!

* * *



LAST of all Satan came also, as our pious brethren are inclined to believe, and induced Judge Wallace to decide in the case of the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, who was imported from England to supply a pulpit in this city, that clergymen come under the law forbidding the importation of laborers whose services are contracted for in a foreign country. We are inclined to think that Judge Wallace's decision was complimentary to the cloth, rather than otherwise. Scoffers contend that the average city clergyman does very little work in return for the large salaries that most of them are paid; whereas, according to Holy Writ, every clergyman should be distinctly a laborer in the vineyard of his Master. If Judge Wallace had based his decision on the precedents established in the Rev. E. Walpole Warren's Book of Books, he could not have come to any other conclusion than that the clergyman was a laborer; and that being established, according to our statutes his importation under contract is an infringement of the law that must meet the penalty.

* * *

THE Boston *Watchman* winds up the funeral notice of a sister, who died recently in Essex Centre, Vermont, with this lofty compliment: "She was a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years a subscriber to the *Watchman*, which she highly prized." The editor of the *Watchman* does not mention any other of his deceased subscriber's virtues, evidently being of opinion that any one who highly prized his paper is sufficiently authenticated for this world and the world to come.

* * *

WHEN the Metropolitan Opera House was vacated by the Methodist Conference at an earlier hour than usual one day last week, in order that "Hamlet" might be rehearsed on the stage, Bishop Andrews found before he reached his hotel that he had left his coat. The Bishop went back for it, and actually witnessed part of the rehearsal. And now what we want to know is whether he left his coat purposely, in order that he might have an excuse to return, as the wily young man of the period sometimes leaves his walking-stick when he calls upon a girl and then has to go back after it the next day. Bishop Andrews cannot explain too soon.

IT is reported that Mr. Blaine's health is in the best condition, but the doctors do not consider it anything serious.

* * *

ETHELRED: The proper side of your spoon to take soup from is the inside. If you were to use the back of it the dinner might be uncomfortably prolonged.

* * *

AMAN may be better than his party; he also may be healthier than his party. Perhaps this is the case with Mr. Blaine.

* * *

TAKING a hand in the discussion as to whether authors feel themselves the joys and sorrows of their creatures, Mr. Howells tells us that the anguish or hilarity of Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot must not be allowed to persuade us as to the habits of novelists, because other story-writers are not all like these.

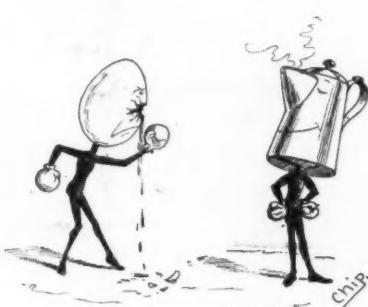
True for you, Mr. Howells, dear. You, and those other contemporary authors that you mention, probably put few tears and little laughter in those volumes that you sell, and little laughter and very few tears does anyone get out of them. What you put in is there, and nothing else, and that is what is the matter.

But even you, Mr. Howells, must have had some feelings about Silas Lapham. There was a person, sir, that you almost permitted to live!

* * *

THE Anarchists propose to put a presidential candidate into the field. Should they decide to nominate their friend Benjamin F. Butler, we might be treated to the interesting spectacle of Johann Most and Brother Dana shaking hands over the bloody chasm. And we need Butler in the campaign too, for the sake of the fun we can get out of him. He caricatures very nicely.

* * *



Egg: LOOK HERE, COFFEE, I'VE SETTLED YOU BEFORE, AND I'LL DO IT NOW!



NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA.

She: Ralph, why did you send me a little red flag to-day?

Ralph (a rejected and dejected sailor): I beg you will wear it, as a signal of danger;—you know, I would not like to see the other fellows suffer as I do now.

THE SERENADE.

I BREATHED a song into the air—
I fell to earth, he hit me square;
I found my banjo still unbroke,
But some loving words remain unspoke.

B. McV. A.

BRIDLE-PATH STUDIES.



A HIGH BRED MAN ON A LOW BRED HORSE.



A LOW BRED MAN ON A HIGH BRED HORSE.

• LIFE •



CURRENT FICTION.

TO write a good summer novel, producing entertainment and interest without too much trouble on the reader's part, is one of the commendable branches of the art of fiction. And Duffield Osborne has practised it with some skill in "The Spell of Ashtaroth" (Scribner's). This is a novel in a similar field to Crawford's "Zoroaster," which it is said has won the admiration of Mr. Gladstone.

There are several stately pictures in the story—the fall of Jericho, the drawing of the lot, and the death scene in the Valley of Achor. The language is stilted at times, and touched with bombast, but contains good imagery. One would prefer more definite pictures of the beautiful Canaanite and her lover, to bring them wholly within the range of his sympathies.

* * *

A SPONTANEOUS movement seems to be on foot in fiction to promote the right of a woman to declare her affection for a man, rather than to allow him to escape because he is ignorant that he is loved. The recent "Love Story Reversed" with this motive (in *the Century*), is followed by "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke" in *Lippincott's*—a novelette by Mrs. Poultnay Bigelow, with a heroine possessing wealth, generosity, and beauty in unlimited quantity. The hero, who is diplomatically pursued by *Mrs. Thorndyke*, is a journalist, fully endowed with the moral and intellectual qualities which are superfluous in that profession, but sadly lacking in the indispensable element in newspaper enterprises—Money.

It must be set down to the credit of this unworldly editor, that he had developed journalistic sense enough to know his weak point, and so gracefully surrendered when *Mrs. Thorndyke* offered herself. The future of his paper, *Books and Authors*, is thus happily assured. The reader closes the book, feeling that *Mrs. Thorndyke* disposed of her superfluous income in the right quarter.

* * *

AS for the new social question which these stories propose, it would probably be the mature verdict of the majority of men, that the arts which woman already wields with consummate skill to bring a man to a prompt and fervent declaration are more effective than a direct avowal on her part of the affection which possesses her. At any rate, the rules of the game should not be changed without an international Congress, and a formally promulgated decree.

The odds are already against men in flirtations, and any further aggressions by women would approach perilously near tyranny.

* * *

THOSE who have admired the folk-lore stories of Middle Georgia, as told by Uncle Remus, will be interested in "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast" (Houghton), by Charles C. Jones, Jr. These preserve the "lingo of the rice-field and the sea-island negroes," which is essentially different from Uncle Remus's.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS •

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A Biography for Young People, By Neah Brooks. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

His Way and Her Will. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Hints from a Lawyer: or, Legal Advice to Men and Women. By Edgar A. Spencer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Heart of the Creeds. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GREAT LUCK.

"PAPA," said a beautiful girl, as the old gentleman came in very late, "did you notice the dead body of a young man in the yard?"

"Why, no; what's the matter?"

"I refused young Mr. Paperwater to-night, and from the hopeless, despairing look upon his face when he staggered from the house, I fear he may have killed himself."

"Well, I'm glad you refused him," said the old man spitefully, "he has just beaten me five straight games of billiards."

A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

TOM: Got a toothache? Why don't you have it out?

BOB: Well, I don't mind having a leg off—but a tooth, it—

TOM: Well, have a leg off, then—it will take your mind off the tooth.

IT is when a man has been mentioned in the newspapers as "one of our most prominent citizens" that he begins to stay out late nights.



HOW LITTLE WE CAN TELL!

Phoebe: LOOK, UNCLE JOHN; THERE IS THE AUTHORESS OF "WANTON WINIFRED," THAT SHOCKING BOOK EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT.

Uncle John: THE OLD HAG! WHO, PRAY, IS THE SWEET, MODEST GIRL SHE HAS IN TOW?

Phoebe: OH, she IS THE AUTHORESS; THE OLD HAG IS HER MAMMA, AND, THEY SAY, quite RESPECTABLE.

WE would suggest Jack the Giant Killer as a mascot for the New York Club.

A HACKNEYED PHRASE—Cab, sir?

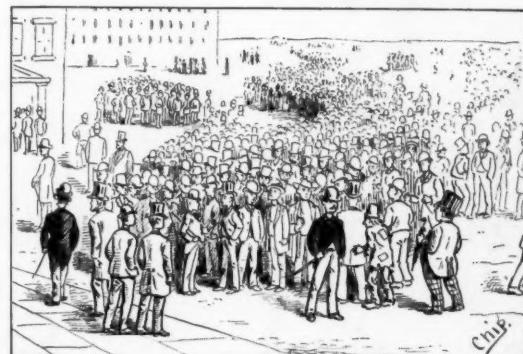
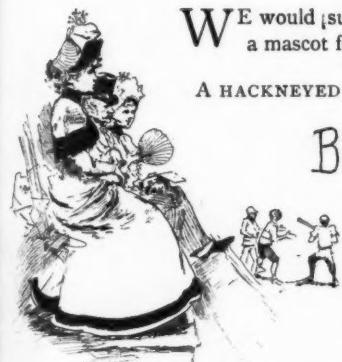
BROWN (*of Chicago*): That fellow is looking at you rather hard. Do you know him?

MRS. BROWN: His face does look familiar. What's his name?

BROWN: Goldplate, I believe.

MRS. BROWN: Oh, yes; I remember him now. He was my first husband.

SHOULD not the Board of Electrical Control attend to the burial of the electric light wires' victims?



MR. SMITH, OF NEW YORK.



GIVE LITERA

LIFE: WHAT'S YOUR GO THAT



LITERACY CHANCE.

'S YOUR GATE THAT FELLOW OUTSIDE?



THE TAG END OF THE SEASON.

NO better evidence of the wane of the dramatic year could be found than that such a piece as "Natural Gas" is able to attract any audiences at all to a theatre of as much character as the Fifth Avenue. This variety performance—for it would be gross flattery to call it a play—would be quite appropriate at Tony Pastor's Temple of Thespis, but seems out of place in an up-town house. The same old gags, the same old delirious humor of mispronounced French, the same old side-splitting Partingtonianisms, all strung together with musical chestnuts and variety show "business," and make up the only alleged novelty that appeals to the intellectuality of New York theatre-goers. Nevertheless, "Natural Gas" is very funny; and those who desire a good laugh may be accommodated at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

* * *

SUMMER has arrived, as "The Return of the Native," in the person of that eminent histrion, Hon. Buffalo Bill, now celebrated at Erastina, Staten Island, proves. Mr. Cody gives assurance that there is absolutely no truth in the gossip concerning himself and Mrs. Victoria Guelph. Their friendship was of the most platonic character and there was no thought of marriage on either side. He admits that she wished to present him with the Garter,

but his wild Western modesty would not permit of his accepting such a decoration at the hands of a lady.

* * *

TH E only dramatic event in the near future is Kiralfy's production of "Nero; or, the Fall of Rome," at St. George, Staten Island. It will be a soulful drama in which the leading part will be taken by some thousands of beautiful coryphées. Nero's violin solo at the burning of the Imperial City is one of the most celebrated musical performances on record. It will be accurately reproduced at St. George, but everything being on such a tremendous scale, Nero will be obliged to fiddle on a bass viol. The air will be "How I

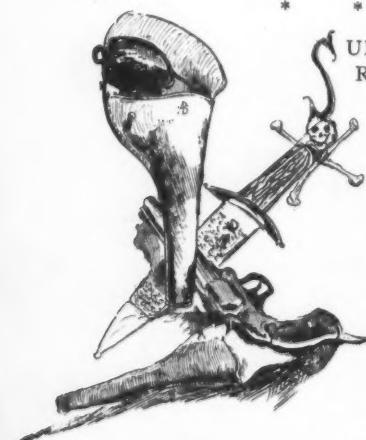
Burn for Love of Thee!" and will probably set the town on fire.

* * *

"**T**HE Queen's Mate" and "Nadjy" are evidently destined to be the summer's attractions. The duet between the rival generals in the former is one of the best things lately seen in comic opera, and in "Nadjy," Marie Jansen's ballet-dancing has improved materially. Wives in the country for the summer may rest happy in the knowledge that their hard-worked husbands will have *some* diversion from the cares of business.

* * *

IT is reported, on good authority, that Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, has tossed his castor into the managerial ring, and that this season he will travel with a circus of which he is part proprietor. If Mr. Sullivan is to act as advance-agent of the circus, our esteemed contemporaries throughout the country will please accept the assurances of our most heartfelt sympathy. When Mr. Sullivan enters an editorial room and invites the dramatic critic to go out and take a drink, it is more than likely that the dramatic critic will go, whether it is contrary to the rules of the office or not. And when Mr. Sullivan intimates that extended and flattering notices of the coming circus will be considered a personal favor, it is quite likely the dramatic critic will regard the suggestion favorably or make immediate arrangements for fleeing to the mountains.

Metcalfe.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

"I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG AT THE FAHLERIES' MANSION?
THE BELLS ARE ALL MUFFLED, THE SIDEWALK'S COVERED WITH
MATTING, AND THE DOCTOR JUST DROVE AWAY."

"WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THEIR PUG HAS PNEUMONIA."

REFLECTIONS.

THE esteemed New York *Herald*, which lately expressed so much dissatisfaction with our eminent townsman, Jay Gould, has come out in frank disapprobation of the great American game of poker. Poker, it avers, is a game based upon chance, combined with insolence and deception.

Matthew Arnold himself could hardly have found less that is excusable in a great American weakness.

The *Herald* may say what it will of Mr. Gould, who has no friends except those whom he hires, but our friends in Thompson Street are not the only ones who will resent its opinion about poker.

* * *

BY the same token, its brief arraignment is deceptive as well as defective. Baseball itself might be described as a game based upon avarice, combined with a crowd and an umpire; and American journalism might seem to meet Mr. Arnold's notion of it, if diagnosed as a business, based upon white paper, combined with frivolity and impertinence. It is easy to fit any great institution with adjectives apt enough to adhere without being sincerely descriptive.

* * *

AND yet, recognizing the eminence of poker and its place in the affections of the people, LIFE hesitates to assert that it deserves the attention that it gets, or that the world is better for its perpetuation. It has two undesirable characteristics—one is an intense propensity to ally itself with whiskey; the other, a tendency to shift capital so suddenly as to upset the social equilibrium. The time that's lost in watching and pursuing

The light that lies
In woman's eyes

seems not so lamentably fruitless as the aggregation of wee hours passed in seeming to lack what is in the hand, and seeming to hold what is in the pack

* * *

IT is gratifying to learn that certain of the brethren of the esteemed Presbyterian fold in England and Scotland have revised and resolved the ancient Westminster Confession of Faith into twenty-two fresh Articles, which are likely to be accepted wherever Presbyterians prevail, as the expression of their contemporary sentiments.

The new Articles are understood to do away with several of the bars which were put up by the stern divines of Cromwell's time to keep the goats from flocking with the sheep, and especially is it reported that they destroy that odious monopoly of salvation which was devised at Westminster for the benefit of "the elect."

Hoping that the new Articles may be all that its pious fancy paints them, LIFE congratulates the Presbyterian brethren on this movement of their platform in the direction of their voters.

E. S. M.

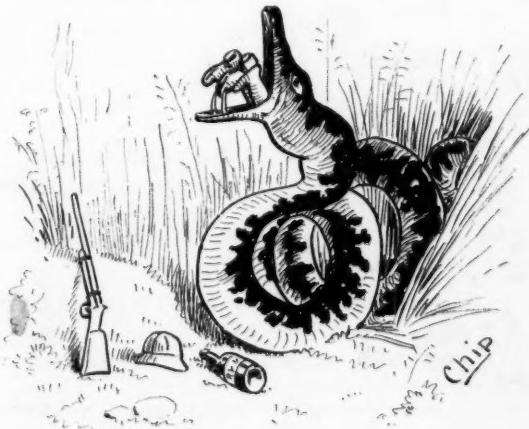
THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.



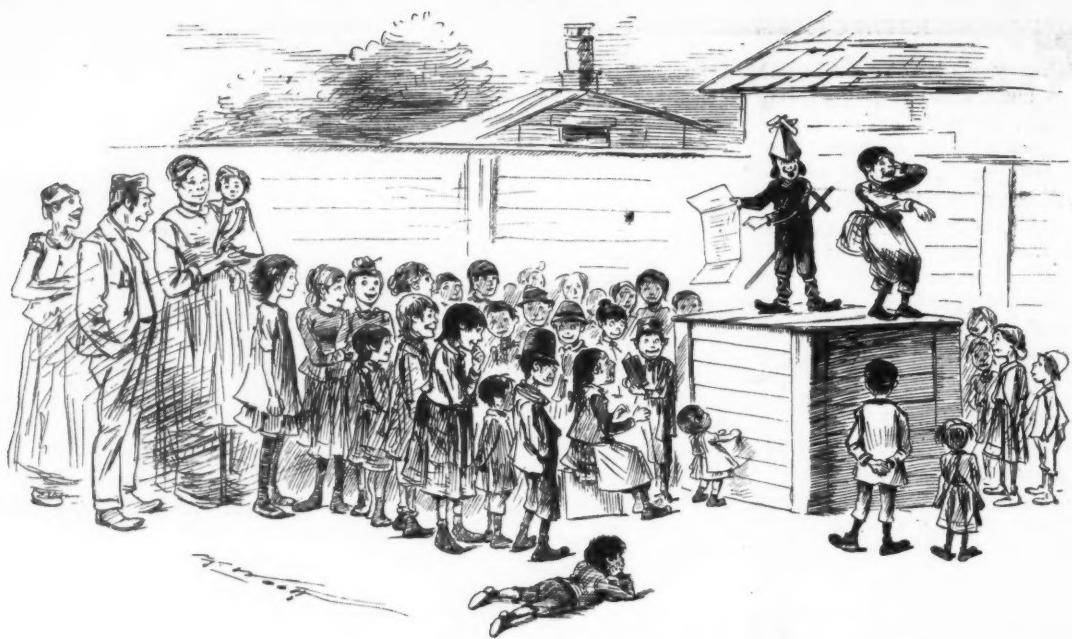
"NOW FOR A QUIET REST."



"NO, YOU DON'T. I'VE HAD 'EM BEFORE."



BUT IT WASN'T THAT KIND!



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

Spazzoni: DO YOU DENY YOUR HANDWRITING?

Veronica: GREAT HEAVINS! GUZMAN HAS BETRAYED ME, AN' I AM LOST!

CAN a mill-race be properly classified among aquatic sports?

BILL OF THE PLAY—Bill Shakespeare.

MOURNING ENVELOPES—Dressing-gowns.

A PRIVATE BOX—The Sentry's.

IT is said that no one can arrest the flight of Time; but who is there who is not able to stop a minute.

ABSTEMIOUS TO A FAULT.

"ARE you drinking much now, Colonel?" he asked.

"No," responded the Colonel; "I haven't touched a drop since nine o'clock this morning."

PROCEEDING GRADUALLY.

"WELL, Edith, did Mr. Lambrequin make you an offer of his hand last night?"

"No, mamma; he's so shy, you know—has never got any further than offering me his arm, so far."

DESTINATION ABOUT THE SAME.

"MY friend," he said to a young man who bore signs of dissipation, "do you realize that the road you are following leads eventually to death?"

"Er—well, yes, sir."

"Aye, it leads eventually to death! And do you know where the road of sobriety and virtue leads to?"

"Yes, sir; that leads eventually to death, also."

THE OLD INHABITANT STILL AHEAD.

OLD INHABITANT (*retrospectively*): Why, I can remember the time—

YOUNG MAN: Don't give us any snow-storm stories, please; the recent blizzard beat anything of the kind you can remember.

OLD INHABITANT: Yes, I'm knocked out on storms; but I was going to say that I can remember the time when John Sherman wasn't a candidate for the Presidency, and that's more than you can do.



THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.



THE REASON.

YOU say you wonder why
A clever man like I
Am unlucky?
I tried to run a—well,
A temperance hotel
In Kentucky.

—Mocking-Bird.

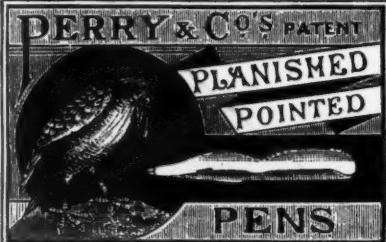
PHYSICIAN'S WIFE : Are your affairs in bad shape, John?

PHYSICIAN : Yes, but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.—*Epoch*.

MISSISSIPPI editors are overworked. The other day a molder of public opinion in that State wrote a column editorial in support of the Mills Free-trade bill, drank a pint of whiskey, and killed the editor of a "vile and slimy contemporary" before noon, and he didn't begin work until 8.30 A.M., "nuther."—*Norristown Herald*.

It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh," said a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it and then the President has to veto it!"—*Boston Beacon*.

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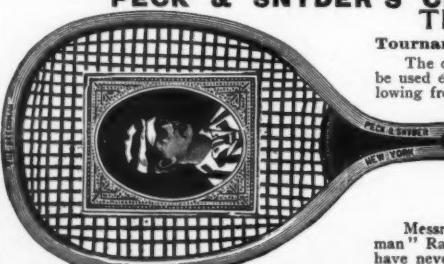
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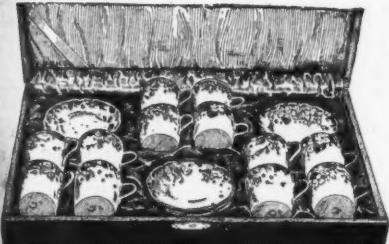
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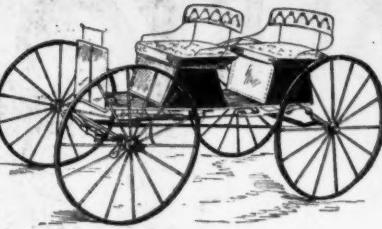
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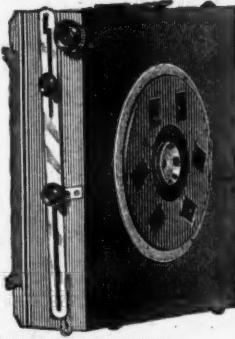


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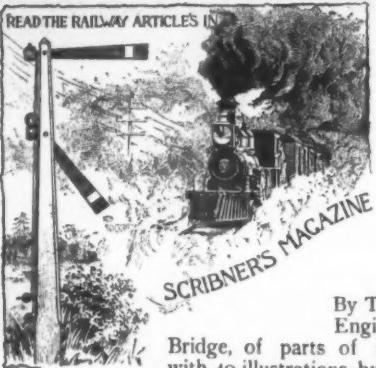
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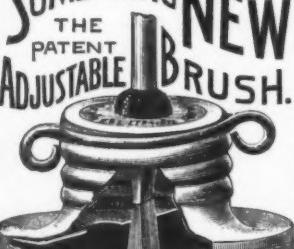
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